

TODAY'S LIVE NEWS OF SUNSHINE STATE

PROGRESSIVES NOT READY TO FUSE IN ARIZONA

Republican Leaders Find Hard Sledding in Effort to Get a United Party Against Election Day.

Douglas, Ariz., July 29.—(Mon. J. L. Hubbell, the well known Republican of Apache county, accompanied by J. C. Morrison, arrived in Douglas yesterday morning and remained here until today, leaving for Wilcox where they go to confer with Henry A. Morrison and other Republicans and also Progressives of the northern part of the county. These gentlemen are leaving the state in an effort to have the Republicans and Progressives agree to support one ticket in the coming campaign, and declare that if such a result could be effected the combination would be able to easily overcome the Democrats of the state next November. Of course, Democrats do not believe there would be any danger of such disastrous results, but this is what Hubbell and Morrison are preaching.

They were somewhat discouraged this morning when leaving for Wilcox, saying that while many of the Progressives were anxious to see the two parties lined for a combined effort against the Democrats, the Progressive leaders for some unknown reason were refusing to pass the word that seems to be needed for any success of the combination in this county.

EASTERN COUNTIES WANT ELY TO RUN FOR CONGRESS

President of State Fair Commission Urged by Republicans on East Side to Make the Race for Nomination.

(Special Dispatch to Evening Herald) Fortale, N. M., July 29.—(Ralph C. Ely, president of the state fair commission, who has been here for a day or two in the interest of a Roosevelt county exhibit to the coming state fair, and which has been assured him, has been approached by a number of leading Republicans here and in Clovis who have urged him to make the race for the Republican nomination for congress. The delegation from Roosevelt and Curry counties will go to the state convention at Santa Fe instructed, following the lead set by the Chaves county Republicans. In Clovis a delegation waited on Mr. Ely to assure him they would stand by him if he would seek the nomination.

Mr. Ely said here to Republicans who asked him about the matter that his chief political interest in this campaign was to secure the nomination of Hugh Williams on the Republican ticket for corporation commissioner, and that there his political activity would end for this year. The state fair work, he said, absorbed all the time he could give to public business at present and he intends to devote practically all his time from now until the fair in working for its success as a state exposition.

SANTA FE MAKES BIG EQUIPMENT ORDER FOR THE FAIR

Two Million Dollars Worth of Cars to Haul People to Expositions. Millinery Styles Hard to Keep up With.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 29.—The Santa Fe has ordered new equipment costing upwards of \$2,000,000 to be used during the exposition year to help handle the heavy California traffic. Among the various items will be 24 chair cars, 30 smokers, 35 coaches, 10 baggage cars, 5 "Jim Crow" cars, 15 diners, 10 composite cars and 12 parlor cars. This makes a total of 142 cars.

The new diners will cost approximately \$24,000 each and are said to be the finest of this type ever constructed. The average cost of the other cars is as follows: Composite, \$18,500; chair cars, \$13,400; coaches and smokers, \$12,700; parlor cars, \$18,500; baggage cars, \$12,000.

In addition to the above, 25 compound engines of the 2500 type have been delivered and are being worked out on the various divisions.

Hard to Beat Hat Styles. Attempting to accommodate the styles in popular observation cars to fashions in women's hats, the Santa Fe railway has just received two cars for service between the exposition cities of San Francisco and San Diego in 1915. Twenty-five more are being built.

John J. Byrne, assistant passenger traffic manager, ordered them in advance of that epoch dominated by the wide-brimmed hat. By the time they were built and delivered the hats had no brims at all and the only appreciable distinction was vertical.

These cars are the last word in passenger train accommodation. Each contains thirty-eight seats, the chairs being low enough to permit of a woman's hat remaining on while she leans back and enjoys solid comfort. Each car has an observation platform and the modern scheme of indirect lighting is carried out. The cost was \$15,000 per car.

WIND AND GASOLINE WRECK ROSWELL HOME

Roswell, N. M., July 29.—Just when the fifteen-minute wind storm struck the city yesterday evening the smoking stove at the H. S. Craven's home, 1913 North Main street, exploded. The kitchen was on the east side and the gale, hitting the house on the east, went through the house with a rush, and the place in just a few minutes was practically gutted. The damage to the house and furniture is about \$2200 with some insurance.

ONLY ENGLISH WOMEN
CONTINUE ATTACK ON
GOVERNMENT IN CRISIS

London, July 29.—Mrs. Dacre-Fox and another militant suffragette today raised Buckingham Palace in a further effort to present a petition to King George. They were both arrested before they had got far within the precincts of the palace.

ROAD CONVENTION OPENS WITH 300 DELEGATES IN ATTENDANCE

Everything Points to Most Successful Meeting of Highway Boosters in Santa Fe This Week.

CARS ROLL IN FROM ALL PARTS OF STATE

(Special Dispatch to The Herald). Santa Fe, N. M., July 29.—With more than 300 delegates attending and representing every county and district in the state the dual convention of the state branch of the National Highway association and the state association of highway officials opened in the Scottish Rite cathedral at 3 o'clock this afternoon. The most important work in prospect is the revision of the new state road law giving broader powers to the county road boards.

There was delay in the formal opening of the convention due to the absence of President R. E. Twitchell and several cars of delegates from Albuquerque who were delayed in the road by mud. The cars had passed Domingo shortly afternoon and arrived here about 3 o'clock when the formal opening took place with a brief speech by Colonel Twitchell.

Fifteen cars are here from Baton and twenty-five from the Pecos valley. The attendance is thoroughly representative and there is an earnest and practical trend to the talk among the delegates which promises a result getting convention.

Santa Fe is gaily decorated for the visitors and there will be some interesting social features in connection with the big gathering.

Today's Convention Program. The detailed program for the convention today and this evening is as follows:

2:00 p. m.—Grand automobile parade of delegates, with First Regiment band.

2:30 p. m.—Welcoming addressed in the plaza: On behalf of the state of New Mexico, Gov. William C. McDonald; on behalf of the city of Santa Fe, Hon. William G. Sargent. Scottish Rite cathedral, convention proceedings.

3:30 p. m.—Call to order, President R. E. Twitchell.

Prayer, Rev. James M. Shiner.

Organ solo, Mrs. G. H. Van Stone.

3:40 p. m.—President's annual address, Col. R. E. Twitchell.

3:50 p. m.—Paper, "History of Road Legislation in New Mexico," Judge Louis C. Collins. Discussion limited to fifteen minutes.

Organ solo, Mrs. G. H. Van Stone.

4:40 p. m.—Paper, "The Forest Service and Good Roads," Don P. Johnston. Discussion limited to fifteen minutes.

Violin solo, Prof. I. L. Telia.

5:15 p. m.—Paper, "The Camino Real in Dona Ana County," Hon. Francis E. Lester.

Order of business.

Organ solo, Mrs. G. H. Van Stone.

Recess to evening session.

Evening, Scottish Rite cathedral.

7:30 p. m.—Music, Scottish Rite choir; Liezelvyn C. Hall, director; Mrs. G. H. Van Stone, organist.

8:00 p. m.—Paper, "Our National Road Policies" (illustrated), H. M. Powell, highway engineer detailed to the U. S. F. R.

Discussion, led by A. C. Ringland, district forester, U. S. F. R.

8:45 p. m.—Address, Dr. G. T. Veal, Roswell, N. M.

Music, male sextette.

9:20 p. m.—Address, "The National Old Trails and Highways, Washington to Santa Fe" (illustrated), C. H. E. Twitchell.

Organ solo, Mrs. G. H. Van Stone.

Recess.

GOVERNMENT FILES
SUIT AGAINST
MISS TRUE

Women Once Prominent in Indian Service Charged with Having Failed to Turn Over or Account for \$4,000 of Government Funds.

(Special Dispatch to Evening Herald) Santa Fe, N. M., July 29.—United States District Attorney Summers Eukhart today filed suit in the name of the government against Miss Clara D. True of Española, at one time prominent in the Indian service, to require an accounting for and the recovery of approximately \$4,000 which it is alleged represents government funds in her hands at the time she was disbursing officer of the Indian service at the Maliki, California Indian school and which it is alleged she has never accounted for. Suit also is brought jointly against her sureties, the Bankers Surety company and the Maryland Casualty company. The complaint recites that Miss True had in her hands on May 12, 1913, \$3,000 of government money of which she has never made any accounting and which with the interest amounts to the sum sued for.

THE HERALD Want Ads get the best results.

A LIFE TIME PROPOSITION

Saturday, August 1
PIERCING ARROW
SPECIAL

\$29.95

Royal Wilton Rugs

Finest quality, will wear a life time and never sold at less than \$50. A saving to you of \$20.05. A full assortment of patterns to select from at

\$29.95

Now on display on Third Floor
Doors Open 9 A. M.

Rosenwald's

"Where Quality Meets Price"

WOULD PUT LIMIT TO BUSINESS TRUST CAN TAKE ON

Senator Sutherland, Republican, Proposes to Fix Roof Over Business of Big Corporations.

Washington, July 29.—Some law making it unprofitable for a corporation to do more than a certain percentage of business of its line, is the only effective way of dealing with the present trust situation, Senator Sutherland, Republican, of Utah, declared today in the course of the trust bill debate. He contended "more size" was very objectionable when a corporation reached the point of doing most of the business of its line, even if it sold goods at a lower price, because it destroyed individualism on which American institutions rest.

Urging that proposed legislation did not reach the evil, Senator Sutherland asked that the trade commission bill be referred for consideration until next winter.

AMALGAMATION IS BEFORE MINERS IN DENVER TODAY

Denver, July 29.—The proposal to amalgamate the Western Federation of Miners and the United Mine Workers of America was expected to reach a vote today in the convention of the metal miners' organization. The question was a special order of business at today's session which was addressed by Frank J. Hayes, international vice president of the United Mine Workers of America.

Manuscript Colorado Senators. Denver, July 29.—Secretary of State James B. Pearce must appear in district court Monday and show cause why he refused to receive and file articles of incorporation of the Church Convalescent Home association. Manuscript proceedings against Pearce were begun yesterday by Francis Brown who with S. H. S. Gray and John W. Hudson sought to incorporate the association.

ENGLAND FORGETS TROUBLES AT HOME

London, July 29.—The leaders of all political parties in the "great kingdom" were in conference today at the residence of Sir Edward Grey, the British foreign secretary, where the international situation was under discussion. It was said that an agreement had been reached by all parties in reference to Irish home rule.

RECLAMATION WORK MANAGEMENT IS ADJUSTED

Complete Revolution Effectuated in Handling of Finances by Amendment to House Measure Adopted Today.

Washington, July 29.—An amendment revolutionizing the conduct of the government reclamation service was written into the irrigation bill in the house today by a vote of 175 to 49. Proposed by Majority Leader Underwood, it provides that all expenditures for irrigation work must be by annual appropriations by congress from the reclamation fund, now entirely at the discretion of the interior department. Representatives from the public land states opposed the amendment, declaring it would lead to "park tariff" policies.

The bill which extends from 18 to 20 years the time in which settlers may repay the government for irrigation improvements on their lands then was passed without a roll call.

Lost anything? Let a Herald want ad find it for you.

SEVERE PUNISHMENT

Of Mrs. Chappell, of Five Years' Standing, Relieved by Cardui.

Mt. Airy, N. C.—Mrs. Sarah M. Chappell of this town, says: "I suffered for five years with womanly troubles, also stomach troubles, and my punishment was more than any one could tell."

I tried most every kind of medicine, but none did me any good. I read one day about Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I decided to try it. I had not taken but about six bottles until I was almost cured. It did me more good than all the other medicines I had tried, put together.

My friends began asking me why I looked so well, and I told them about Cardui. Several are now taking it. Do you, lady reader, suffer from any of the ailments due to womanly troubles, such as headache, backache, sideache, sleeplessness, and that everlastingly tired feeling?

If so, let us urge you to give Cardui a trial. We feel confident it will help you, just as it has a million other women in the past half century. Begin taking Cardui today. You won't regret it. All druggists.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn. for Special Literature on your case and 50¢ per bottle. Name furnished for women. In plain wrapper. R. G. 124

ANNE IVES Mascot

By H. M. EGBERT

Illustrations by O. IRWIN MYERS

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(Continued from Yesterday.)

"I nodded. Something within me seemed to rise in protest on behalf of them. I saw the proud old aristocrat in the abbey, I thought of his four and eighty years, destined to end so miserably; then I remembered my father's wrongs and steeled my heart.

"Your revenge shall not be long in tarrying," cried the old man, bridging down his fist upon the table. "For years I have woven my net around them. I was slow, mademoiselle, but very sure. I have them now. In two weeks—unless they meet the interest on the mortgage—they lose Cliechy. And they cannot meet it, the dogs! Twelve thousand francs of interest—and their castle stripped as bare as a hound's tooth. They live like rats in the ruins of their magnificence. And, even if they meet this interest it will be their last. No, mademoiselle, have no fear. Their day is done."

He started and looked keenly at me. "Mademoiselle," he said impulsively, "either you are indeed the owner or you are the cleverest impostor in Paris. You are ready to make an affidavit?"

"Assuredly," I answered. "There will be much—what you call 'red tape.' It will be necessary to manufacture a new key. Then an official of the government must be present when you recover your bonds from the interior of the safe. Return three weeks from today, and the safe shall unlock for you."

"Mademoiselle," he continued, "do you know why I am willing to gamble upon your honesty thus? It is not sentiment—it is pure business. It is because, in the working out of my plans, the possession of those bonds is essential to me. And so I will risk the loss of what I offer you for them—50,000 francs."

"Ten thousand dollars!" I exclaimed. (I think I mentioned that I specialized in arithmetic.)

"And," he resumed, "you will here and now execute an agreement to sell me the bonds for that amount. Otherwise—why, mademoiselle, I fear that you will never be able to establish your identity."

"But it is a prodigious sum!" I cried, foolishly.

"They are worth that to me," answered the old banker, quietly. "Are you ready to sign, mademoiselle?"

He brought in a couple of secretaries and dictated the draft of the agreement. In consideration of the transfer of the bonds, I was to receive the sum of 49,274 francs, payable three weeks from that day.

"The deficit is to cover the unpaid rental of the safety deposit box," he explained, suavely.

I appended my name to the document and walked out of the office like one in a dream. With economy, my money would last easily for three weeks. I should never need to worry about my landlady's bill any more.

My happy thoughts were speedily to be dispelled.

"There is a gentleman waiting to see you, mademoiselle," said the landlady of my pension as I entered. "He has waited two hours in the reception room. Mademoiselle is Canadian—he would doubtless wish to meet him without a chaperon," she whispered.

Somehow my heart failed me as I turned the handle of the door. I was convinced that it was the scoundrelly Greek Zeusis, who had followed me home.

But it was not—it was Leopold Magniff, the banker's son!

He bowed low and his countenance assumed a sneering deference as I ignored his outstretched hand and stood facing him in silence. I did not deign to offer the least greeting.

"Miss Ives, you've been to see my father," he volunteered. "It's no use to deny it; my agents have been on your trail since you posed as the wife of the Chevalier d'Yves at the coronation."

"I have no intention of denying anything to you," I said, contemptuously. "But if you dare insult me with your falsehoods again, you shall be thrown from this hotel."

"At least mademoiselle will acknowledge that she wore a wedding ring during the ceremony," he pleaded, suavely.

"It was lent to me," I cried, and then bit my lip angrily at the admission.

"Mademoiselle, you are charming," said the scoundrel, regarding me with frank admiration. "Now don't be angry. I have come here as a friend. And to prove it, allow me to restore you this."

He reached into his coat pocket and pulled out the purse which I had lost in so humiliating a manner inside Westminster abbey. He handed it to me, and, taking it gingerly, I opened it. There, within, lay my hand mirror, my powder puff, and my five hundred dollar bills. But the key—the key was gone.

"I gather from your expression, mademoiselle, that you realize that you are in my power," he said.

"If you mean that you have stolen my key—" I began.

"Your key?" he repeated, in feigned astonishment. "I know nothing of any

key of yours, mademoiselle, except that this purse was discovered at the entrance to the abbey doors by a servant of mine."

"By your spy, Zeusis," I interrupted, bitterly. "I thank you for your honesty in restoring my money, at least. Good afternoon, monsieur."

"But, mademoiselle," he cried, in real alarm, "I thought, now that I have convinced you of my power, that you would be willing to join forces with me. Otherwise, you will be ruined. Assuredly you will be ruined. My coup has succeeded beyond my expectations—the one I told you that I had in prospect. And I will marry you tomorrow—tonight, if you insist on it. You will be made for life. And I shall worship you. I am sure that we were made for each other. Ah, mademoiselle, do you suppose that you will have such a chance again? Are you thinking of that beggarly chevalier? Why, he is a pauper, wiped out—besides, he is a libertine, a rake. They say—"

Something in my expression must have alarmed him, for he suddenly ceased speaking, took his hat, and sidled toward the door.

"Remember, mademoiselle," he said, grinning nastily, "I am ready at any time to renew my proposition to you. But unless you accept, you will be ruined—possibly ruined, believe me."

The sight of his grinning face horrified me; the memory clung to me for weeks afterward.

When I gained my self-possession I sent a hasty telegram to the banker. It ran as follows:

"Your son and confederate have key to my safe. Real it and place a guard over it instantly."

This communication elicited no response. But I felt sure that it would effect its purpose—unless the bonds had been already stolen.

I awaited the termination of the three weeks with ill-concealed impatience.

CHAPTER V.

New Friends and Old Enemies. (In which I learn that my relatives are not so black as I painted them.)

Here was I, alone in Paris, under the surveillance, as I was positive, both of Leopold Magniff, Jr., and his rascally sycophant Zeusis, with three weeks to wait before the opening of the safe in which my precious bonds



"Mademoiselle, You Are Charming," Said the Scoundrel.

lay hidden. And in three weeks my enemies could work incredible harm.

Magniff had threatened me with ruin unless I accepted his advances. But how could he fulfil his threat? Only in one way, clearly; by utilizing the key which he had stolen from my purse to open my safe and to abstract the bonds. Would he dare? Had the safe already been rifled? But even so I should at least be no worse off than when I had arrived in Paris. As the days wore away, and the memory of the man grew fainter I came to despise and disregard his powers for mischief.

It did seem unnecessary that I should have to wait three weeks while Magniff, Sr., was fashioning a new key for my safe. But I inferred that he was in reality utilizing this period to make inquiries in Canada concerning me; consequently I became more tranquil in mind. I sent my friend Estelle Christie the ten pounds which she had lent me and settled down to live frugally at the Pension Anglaise with my remaining \$450. At the worst I should have enough with which to return to Winnipeg.

A little more than a week of my probationary period had elapsed, when one morning our landlady announced that two gentlemen were awaiting me in the reception room. Instantly I thought of Magniff and the Greek.

"Tell them that I will not see them," I answered.

The landlady appeared shocked. "But, Miss Ives, they are of the quality, assuredly," she protested. "An old gentleman and a young one. And the latter—what build, what figure! I thought to have the pleasure to congratulate mademoiselle," she continued teasingly.

The comely and the chevalier! It could not be! And yet, whom else did I know? But, if it were they, how could they have discovered my abode?

"They sent up no cards?" I asked my hostess.

"No, mademoiselle. But see, only see them and certainly you will not refuse them an interview. 'Ver' important business—those were their words."

"Tell them I will be down in a few moments," I answered, and began to arrange my hair for the interview. In the midst of brushing it I halted angrily. My heart was pounding in my throat in the most disconcerting way. Why, I asked myself, sternly, why did I go to this trouble about my personal appearance for the sake of such mortal enemies? And why was I so agitated? I could not solve the problem, and twisting up my hair hastily, I descended the stairs, trying to regain control over my nerves.

(Continued Tomorrow Afternoon.)